I meane *Hortentio* is afeard of you.
Wid. He that is giddie thinkes the world turns round.
Petr. Roundly replied.
Kate. Mistris how meane you that?
Wid. Thus I conceiue by him.
Petr. Conceiues by me, how likes *Hortensio* that?
Hor. My Widdow sayes, thus she conceiues her tale.
Petr. Verie well mended: kisse him for that good Widdow.
Kate. He that is giddie thinkes the world turnes round,
I pray you tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your husband being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husbands sorrow, by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
Kate. A verie meane meaning.
Wid. Right. I meane you.
Kat. And I am meane indeed, respecting you.
Petr. To her *Kate.*
Hor. To her *Widdow.*
Petr. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.
Hor. That's my office
Petr. Spoke like an Officer: ha'to thee Lad.
Drinkes to Hortensio.
Bap. How likes *Gremio* these quicke witted folkes?
Gre. Believe me sir, they But together well.
Bian. Head, and But an hastie witted bodie,
Would say your Head and But were head and horne.
Vin. I Mistris Bride, hath that awakened you?
Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore Ile sleepe againe.
Petr. Nay that you shall not since you have begun:
Haue at you for a better iest or too.
Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw my Bow.
You are welcome all. *Exit Bianca.*
Petr. She hath prevented me, here signior *Tranio*,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,
Therfore a health to all that shot and miss't.
Tri. Oh sir, *Lucentio* slipt me like his Grey-hound,
Which runs himselfe and catches for his Master.
Petr. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well sir that you hunte
'Tis thought your Deere does hold
Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio*
Luc. I thanke thee for that gi d
Hor. Confesse, confesse, hath h
Petr. A has a little gald me I co
And as the Iest did glaunce away fr
'Tisten to one it maim'd you too o
Bap. Now in good sadnesse son
I thinke thou hast the veriest shrew
Petr. Well I say no: and theref
Let's each one send vnto his wife,
And he whose wife is most obedien
To come at first when he doth sen
Shall win the wager which we will
Hort. Content what's the wag
Luc. Twentie crownes.
Petr. Twentie crownes,
Ile venture so much of my Hawke
But twentie times so much vpon m
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Petr. A match 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Goe *Biondello*, bid your Mistris c
Bio. I goe.
Bap. Sonne Ile be you halfe,
Luc. Ile haue no halues Ile be
Enter Biondello.
How now, what newes?
Bion. Sir, my Mistris sends yo
That she is busie, and she cannot c
Petr. How? she's busie and she c
Gre. I, and a kinde one too:
Praie God sir your wife send you
Petr. I hope better.
Hor. Sirra *Biondello*, goe and i
forthwith.